Perceiving Perspective
Poems on Life, Love, and Being

Joshua Crotty
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DEDICATION

This book is a dedication to all the people who have believed in me throughout my journey. A special dedication to Lorena, and Melissa for being two of the kindest and most genuine souls to ever have come into my experience. It is because of people like you that I am filled with enough love to fuel the words inside this book.

To Choose To Change

Who are You
Why are you here
The world already knows your fears
Be Anything!
They always say,
Then shun, and bawk, and look away,
And Every time you dare.
They seek to make a fool of you
With each new dream you share.
Our lives entice the lies,
That ride along the songs,
Of rights and wrongs,
But yet we live, exist,
Persist, subsist, to reminisce,
About the good ol’ days,
And good ol’ ways,
That stain our names with blood and fear,
And innocent, sweet children's tears.
Sure, live your life chasing lies,
Handed down by dead white guys.

I choose now not, to see that way
And beat the path of my own fate.
It’s choice now, that I become
For choice, and change are nearly one
And that one thing, we know to be
The thing that splits us from the trees
The animals, and winter breeze,
The one defining factor,
No matter how you look at it,
The one thing that matters.
That one thing.
To choose to change.

Plastic

There’s plastic in our medicine,
And plastics in our food.
Microplastic music
And nearly plastic news.
Plastic in our water
And plastic in our art.
There’s plastic all around us,
But worse, it’s in our hearts.
Not just in our blood,
Discovered 2022,
But encasing our emotions,
Our plastic-shielded moods.
The turtles and the ducks,
And fish consume it too,
But no matter what is said or learned
Still nothing do we do.
Plastic is convenient.
Plastic is still new,
But in less than just a century,
Enough damage done for two.
Maintained because it’s cheap,
And quick, and easy to produce.
Without us even realizing,
Subconsciously we choose,
To let the plastic coat our world,
And subsequently lose,
Everything we’ve ever known
To cheer “Hey, Look at my new…”

Money Dreams

Money is worthless,
But the less we, this, believe,
The more we endure suffering,
The less we can perceive.
Money is worth less
Than the time, for it, you spend
And if you forget this
Your happiness will end.
You see, our lives are fleeting
Miniscule,
And when we pause to breathe
The world embraces each of us,
And brings our pain some ease.
But money doesn't want this
Not for you, or me.
It only wants results.
Production-driven greed.

To trade away our lives for this,
No bigger sin could be.
We were gifted with existence,
Not to sell for currency.
I dare you, take it back,
Your life from greedy lords,
And watch as you become,
More than you were before.

We do not need those fancy things
That emulate some peace.
We were born with peace inside
And convinced it must be leased.
It's time for us to understand,
That we cannot afford.
The lives we dare to dream
By always seeking more
Embrace your life's simplicity.
Know that, to live and breathe,
Is a wealth more vast than all the rest
Become the you, you've dreamed.

Success is not the Goal

Success is a goal achieved,
Success is not the goal.
Goals are set by you and I
Others, for us, cannot define
What we choose to pursue,
And what we lose within pursuit.
The one who stands upon that jury
Is you yourself, release your worry.
Though you're your own most feared critic
You're also they, that can forgive.
You are your own best frenemy
Maintain that balance, live freely
And know that when you've done your best
You've done what can't be by the rest.

The Value of Art

Art can hardly be called art
When done for not but sale,
Because the act of selling art
Belittles its true nature.
Thus it's hardly art at all
If it lacks the souls imprint,
And once a piece of art is priced,
The soul begins dissent.
Betrayed by the mind,
And cruel decisiveness,
The soul's new child bound and tied.
Sold for made-up digits.
Rejoice in knowing no one cares,
To buy the things you love.
Remember that to love them first,
Gave value more immense,
And that they taught you to love,
A greater lesson still.
Your experiences manifest
In print, or paint, or skill.
Know the value of this thing
The one your spirit craves,
And never let your mind conceive
Ideas of greed and gain.
Give freely your art to man
And let them love, or leave it,
Because you gave it first at all,

You made it. You've succeeded.

Imperfect Perfection

Perfection isn't perfect,
though humanity ignores.
They strive for perfect bodies,
and perfect testing scores.
They want the perfect life.
some think it's found in stores,
want problems all erased,

And their shocked when they find more
but problems never leave.

They're part of life's true core.
Without the complications,
Our spirits would fall poor.

so stop chasing perfection.
Embrace your big ol' pores.
Remember when you feel less-than,
Perfection is a bore.

Thanks

You seemed to come from nowhere,
I thought I wouldn't care
But now it seems that where I look
Your face is always there

I tell myself to "Stop it!"
"We've only just now met"
But the more I try now to ignore
The deeper feelings get

I always try so hard to show
That I can be detached
But that's not truly who I am
My heart's too quickly etched

The flames your name sustains

cure pain I’ve feigned to reign
each day my brain’s enchained.
These games I’ve played in vain
to slay the pain ingrained in shame
that’s gained through days insane with rage
and tainted things that drained my veins and splayed my brain
in twain,
But flames your name contain
Now frame that pain in ways that tame my brain
And flays that shame away
And all that I can say is
Thanks

Revolting Love

Remember when
You asked to date me
Now your actions
Show you hate me
Thought to myself
Only a moment
"Just say no"
You've only just met
The first few months
Inseparable
Our love built walls
Impregnable
Then you set off
With a dozer
Saw some walls
Thought "future's over"
Though the walls
Were for protection
You never even
Thought to mention
How you felt
Though I would ask
Begged to serve
If there were tasks
Anything
You could have wanted
I craved to please
You revolted

The Boat

Before we met
We were shipwrecked
Beaten, torn
Found each other on shore
Greater Together
We crafted another
Boat to get off the island.
We sailed across seas
beautiful and dangerous
With just the stars, we
didn't know what path to take,
where we were going.
What choices to make

But we chose our heading,

Sailing together for years
We started to learn new fears
Understanding, for what, we yearn
Fame to starboard? Family to Stern?
It didn’t matter, we needed us and no more
or so I thought
‘Til you jumped overboard

You left only this note
On the deck of the boat:

“I was worried I’d forgot,
The skill it takes to float
But I know you’ll be okay
Cause I left you with the boat”

There’s something you forgot
Though it wasn’t how to float
The thought that you neglected:
It takes two to sail this boat.

Now I’m standing on our boat
Stranded. Horrific emptiness,
With nothing left for me but
Hurl myself in the abyss

Hoping, somehow, i drift
On a single fated thread
Around this “adventures” obstacles
So I don’t end up dead,
Though we may not meet each other
Or anyone again,
I can’t be left to die
Watching love leave on the wind

If you told me what your fear was
If you would have just once, spoke
I’d have taken you to safety
To remember how to float
Why couldn’t you just
stay on the boat?

True Wound

I wasn't looking
Not for you
Just taking a peek to see
What it was I’d yet to be
Or who it was that I might find
From a reframing of my mind
We found each other,
Broken. Bent.
Empty from all the love we'd spent
On people who neglected us,
Harmed, rejected, and dejected us.
You understood my aching heart
And helped me find my missing parts
I didn't want to get to close,
But you're plan was different,
I was engrossed
I knew no one could ever try
To love this little lonely guy
The way you leaned and pushed to show
To make me feel like I could glow
Acceptance. Peace, Tranquility
Things I’d long gave hopelessly
You inspired and invigorated
Showing me I wasn't hated
But in fact was full of love
And ready to rise above

The pains and strife I’d felt in life
But then I stumbled on your lies
Stumbled is an understatement
More like tripped
crashed in the basement
Where all your pretty skeletons glare
Your fingerprint sins everywhere
I thought for sure I must be dreaming
How on earth was I not screaming
How could everything I’d seen
Been a lie, or just a dream
How could one as true as you
Turn out to be my next true wound.

Love’s Soul Tether

You asked me if we'd still be friends
I found it so cliche
To stab me in the chest
And beg for me to stay
No my love could never end
Its roots run deep and wide
But every time I see your face
Pain wells up deep inside
Yes I want to be your friend
But not right here
Not right now
If ever we can be again
I need time to find out how
Now sitting in this motel room
Trying my best to lick my wounds
Broken beaten and betrayed
You're confused why I cant stay
Every moment we're together
Your presence strengthens our soul's tether
The one that ties my heart to yours
And loops itself around my core
Then I feel us separate
Closeness becomes distance, hate.
But the tether is entangled
So it tightens to a strangle
Wrestling my life away
That's why, here, I cannot stay.

Razed Child

It seems you have forgotten
What you brought me here to do.
It’s not to fit a mould,
Or walk inside your Sunday shoes.
Correct me if I’m wrong,
But I’m pretty sure the point,
Is to be my biggest fan,
Not just who I disappoint.
I’m over feeling sorry,
For the things that you’ve endured.
It’s not my fault,
In fact, it’s yours,
And I think it’s time you heard.
You had the opportunity
To show me things I’ve only dreamed,
But at every turn, I let you down,
At least that’s how it seemed.
I realize now, I’ve done my best,
At least from what I gather.
I might not be the me you wanted,
But I am the me that matters.

Humanity

How could one, or all, of us,
Embrace the fear of death,
If not for life’s most certain curse:
Human experience.
The world it seems must fall through times of slurping, slinking slime,
But when it once again emerges,
It’s cleaned and redefined.

Our missions, each of us unsure,
Where even to begin?
How can one, or five, or ten,
Make changes worth a damn?
A preacher might now tell you,
“Where two are gathered in his name,”

And while that’s true, can you ensure
The two’s intentions are the same?

Would these two mere humans,
Know themselves enough to see,
That unless their wishes were aligned,
They could never become free.
Our purpose cannot be in life,
To serve and kneel and cry.
Why then, would we become ourselves,
To hide ourselves inside?

The truest form of living, could only be achieved,
When happiness, and joy, and peace
Are sought and then perceived.
When we lay down prejudices,
And love without conditions,
And see the world for what it is,
Extensions of our mission.
Each of us, we’re summoned here,
For something or another,
And until we know just what that is,
The search for it we suffer.

The Soul’s Canvas

Moments of our lives recorded,
as fast as they occur.
Not with words or numbers,
Not letters, film, or charts
but behind the great broad paint brush strokes
on a canvas, in our hearts
From the moment when we breathe in life,
and cry out joyous fear,
the brush begins its wayward dance
across a sea of white.
Endless possibilities,
each choice made, left or right.
We grow and learn and see the world
it’s darkness and it’s taint
and every time our frail heart breaks
blood splatters in the paint.

The brush moves on
unfazed, unbothered
as if those tints of red, now swirling
had for this piece, always mattered.
The brush dips quickly, in and around
lapping up its paint.
Each season change accelerates
the brushstrokes of our fate.
Our existence stretching onward
further than we at first perceive,
And as age clouds our eyes in life
this canvas we can see.

Those lucky enough to see the work,
In it's not-quite-finished state,
far too often fall distracted
and the canvas goes unseen.
Distracted by their paint supply
"What happens when
the pots run dry?"
They then begin to seek, and hope,
despite tortured circumstance,
"Just another heartbreak now,
refill the pots by chance"
to endure yet one more injury,
to feel the pains of life.
To fill the paints of life…
As the brush concludes its gracious dance
across the canvas of your soul,
you're taken from this earthly realm,
and in that moment shown,
the one who held it all along,
the brush that saw your life,
this painter of divinity
was you,
the artist bathed in light.

Body of Knowledge

Our body holds more knowledge,

Than has yet been learned.
And if we dare to listen,
Our hearts may cease to yearn,
Because Life’s deepest lessons
Are things we’ve only glimpsed
And when we take a closer look
So many answers missed
Our bodies know these answers
They’re written on our cells
And on the very membrane walls
That constitutes ourselves.
So listen to your body.
Ask it what you seek,
And if you heed the words you hear,
You’ll surely reach your peak.
Conversely, though, something you’ll find,
Despite intentions of your heart;
If you do not regard these words
You’ll surely fall apart.
Now go forth and believe
In the person that you’ll be
And know that in those times of doubt
Only you can set you free.

Unbreak Us

They’ll ask you where you’re going,
Like there’s someplace else to go.
Give advice without proof showing,
To catch you in their flow.

You see,

When they meet a soul like yours,
Fleeting, flying, no closed doors,
They see with only greedy eyes,
And steal your trust with seedy lies.

Know you’ll overcome their plot.
The strength within you is unending
Remember though, forget not
Their hearts, still too, need mending

So walk ye forth, take up your crown.
Your parallel cannot be found.
You are divine intelligence,
And love will bring deliverance.

Diving in Consciousnss

I sit in the silence of the day
Afraid of what my words might say
No matter what it is I've read
Or inspirations I've heard said
There's little more to find out here
The words extend beyond my fears

There is beauty in the world around us,
Experienced once it's lived in
Then no way can it be hidden
Behind the guiles of wicked men
Or misunderstanding do-gooders
The world is beauty in itself
But we must first find it in Ourselves
Because we are not simply part
Of a world that exists
Our being is a world itself
And as we look beneath our skin
We see the micro-macro men
That exist to be just what we are
Beings of unfettered flaw
The flaw is not the ugliness
No, ugliness instead would be
Perfection of imperfect beings
Erasing what makes us unique
We strain to clean our dirty cheeks

No
Embrace the dirt, the grime, the mud
Accept uncomfortable crud
And begin your introspection
Find what you hide with perfection.

Want, Seek, Try

There is much within this world
I want, seek, and try to be
But then, at times it’s clear to me
I do not want to be
A Wanter,
Seeker,
Or Trier-too
Why do I try to seek my wants?
Why not become my wants upfront?
Enact the changes of the now
Become the me that’s future-bound
Because to leave him resting there
In that distant later air
Would pin myself to who I am
A tortured, lost, and lonely man
Which is not who I am

Am I?

Who am I?
The free, the true, the loving one
Each its own imperfect son
Beyond describing here in rhyme
The perfectly imperfect one.
He that dares
to care or share
And live the life experienced
By those who wouldn’t dare to miss
I am the me I claim to be
In this future only seen
In wants
And seeks
And try-to-be’s

Thank you for reading.
Writing is my passion, and it is tied to every goal in my life. That you would share in this journey and support my work with time and energy means more to me than you could ever know. I am so full of thanks and excited to see the world we dream together.